

Master Negative Storage Number

OCI00033.12

**Park's bower of
Cupid**

London

[18--]

Reel: 33 Title: 12

**BIBLIOGRAPHIC RECORD TARGET
PRESERVATION OFFICE
CLEVELAND PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**RLG GREAT COLLECTIONS
MICROFILMING PROJECT, PHASE IV
JOHN G. WHITE CHAPBOOK COLLECTION
Master Negative Storage Number: OC100033.12**

Control Number: AAK-9099

OCLC Number : 05438131

Call Number : W 381.52S P238b

**Title : Park's bower of Cupid, and general valentine writer :
containing a large collection of new and original
valentines, for the present year.**

Imprint : London : Printed and published by A. Park, [18--]

Format : [24] p. : col. ill. ; 20 cm.

Note : Running title: Valentine writer.

Note : Hand-colored folded frontispiece.

Subject : Valentines.

Subject : Chapbooks, English.

Added Entry : Park, Arthur.

**MICROFILMED BY
PRESERVATION RESOURCES (BETHLEHEM, PA)**

On behalf of the

**Preservation Office, Cleveland Public Library
Cleveland, Ohio, USA**

Film Size: 35mm microfilm

Image Placement: IIB

Reduction Ratio: 8:1

Date filming began: 8/26/94

Camera Operator: AR

PARK'S
BOWER OF CUPID,

AND

GENERAL VALENTINE WRITER.

CONTAINING

A LARGE COLLECTION

OF NEW AND

ORIGINAL VALENTINES

FOR THE

Present Year.



Embellished with a Coloured Engraving.

LONDON :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
A. PARK, 47, LEONARD STREET, FINSBURY.

PRICE SIXPENCE.



A. PARK, London;

*Ah! can I cease to love thee ever?
Cease to love you, dearest?—never!
No, dear girl, I ne'er can prove
Faithful but to thee in love;
Then may thy fond affection bless,
A heart that ne'er can love thee less.*

PARK'S
BOWER OF CUPID,

AND

GENERAL VALENTINE WRITER.

CONTAINING

A LARGE COLLECTION

OF NEW AND

ORIGINAL VALENTINES

FOR THE

Present Year.

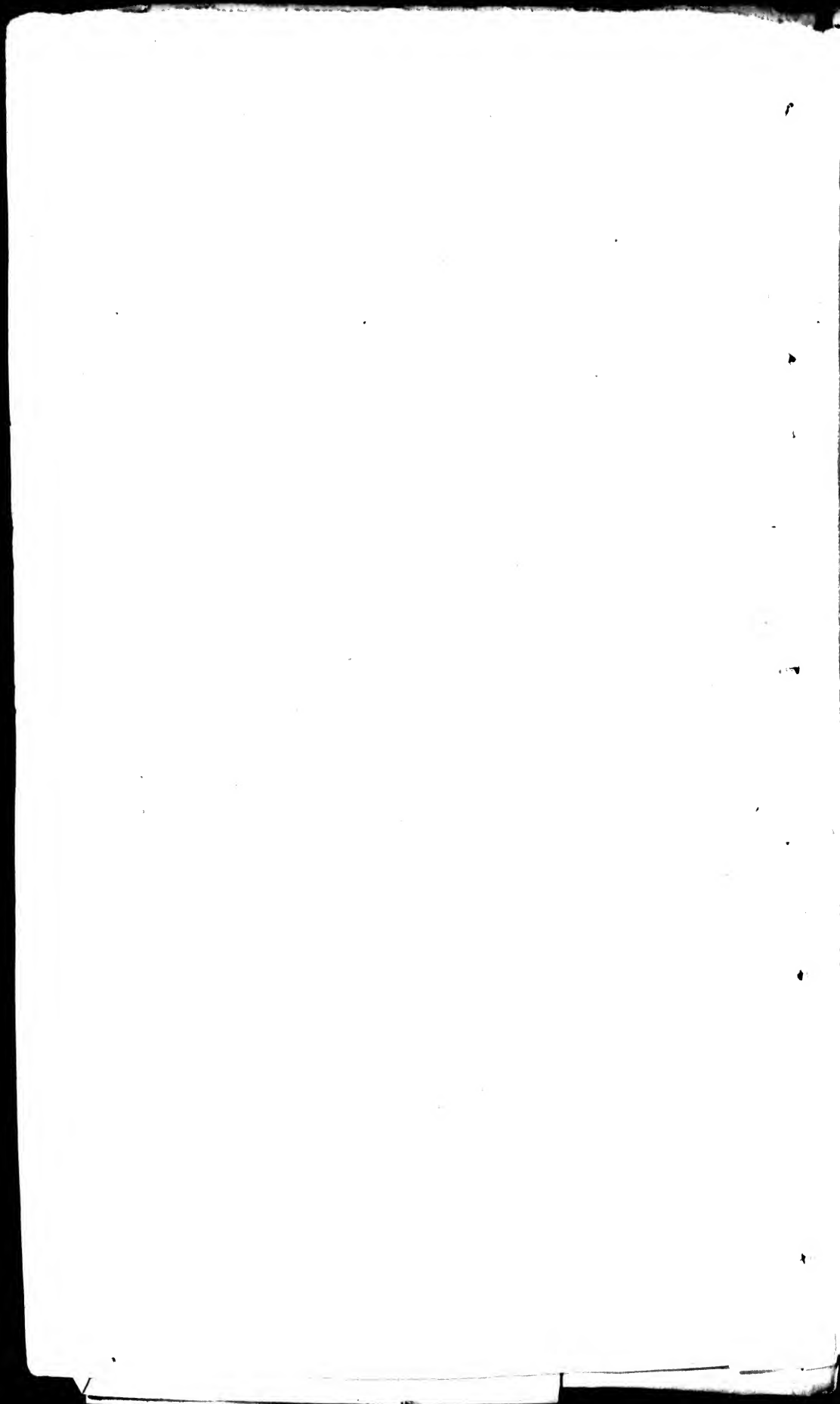


Embellished with a Coloured Engraving.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
A. PARK, 47, LEONARD STREET, FINSBURY.

PRICE SIXPENCE.



301525

P26rb

PARK'S

BOWER OF CUPID,

AND

General Valentine Writer.*To a Lady.*

And canst thou think that I'll forget thee,
 All the joys that we have known ;
 Since the time when first I met thee ;
 Since our plighted hearts were one.

Let not fear or doubtings move thee,
 Time may yet our bliss retrieve ;
 For never can I cease to love,
 Till indeed I cease to live.

From a Hoiser.

A Hoiser must useful be thought,
 Who sells a nice cov'ring for feet ;
 If stockings were not to be bought,
 How many barefooted we meet.

4.80

B

3042

VALENTINE WRITER.

To a Gentleman.

Hast thou mark'd the mazy stream,
By the moonlight's silver beam?
As its lucid waters flow,
Deepest where it murmurs low.

So love in fond affection wrought,
Sways with power the silent thought;
And so my breast conceals for you,
Streams of love as deep as true.

To a Fop.

With snuff-box so prim, and a Frenchified air,
You ape the mounseer, with the grace of a bear;
Ah! a truce to your frippery, sir, if you can,
You've long play'd the fool, for once play the man.

To a Lady.

Could you persuade the constant dove
To leave his mate, inconstant prove,
And thro' the woodlands rove,
I might deceive the girl I love,
But ne'er till then will I agree
To quit my love, to part with thee.

To a Lady.

No love, half earthly, half divine,
On mem'ry's tablet shall remain,
When beauty, virtue, both combine,
To forge true love's eternal chain.

Then doubt me not, so strong the ties,
That bind my love, so firm its base,
Slave to your virtue and your eyes,
My heart has found a resting place.

VALENTINE WRITER.

To a Gentleman.

How shall my faithful heart confess,
Or humble words like these express,
Unchanging love and true ;
O ! could I once my love declare,
Or half the fond affection share,
My bosom feels for you.

To a Lady.

I am a gentleman by birth—
A competency boast ;
Of all the fair ones upon earth,
Thee I admire thee most.
Thou art accomplish'd—quite refin'd—
An angel, so divine !
Then, since thou'rt suited to my mind
Pray be my Valentine.

To a Lady.

I love my Valentine as much,
As doctors love a fee to touch ;
As much as misers love their pelf,
Or as a dandy loves himself ;
As much as minstrel's love a lay,
Or children love a holiday ;
As much as gluttons love to dine,
I love my dearest Valentine.

To a Lady.

Of all the fair I've ever seen,
For beauty, manners, and for mien,
My charmer doth outshine :
O then be kind, I humbly pray,
Grant me the happiness to say,
You are my Valentine.

VALENTINE WRITER.

To a Glazier.

One word with you my merry friend,
I hope that you my panes will mend,
My heart with love is cut quite thro',
And I must die for love of you,
If you in pity wont incline,
To take me for your Valentine.

To a Newsmen.

You often do bring news to me,
'Tis now my turn to send to thee,
And hope that you will not despise
The words that now shall meet your eyes,
A paragraph of love am I,
And wish that you the same would buy;
With hopeless love I'm grown so taper,
That I'm as thin as a newspaper;
But pray that now sweet words you'll join,
And ease my heart, sweet Valentine.

From a Printer.

I need not use a many letters,
To tell you that I wear love's fetters;
A few short lines I will compose,
My ardent love for to disclose.
A type so beautiful you are,
That really its beyond compare,
You've won my heart both page and margin,
A subject I could much enlarge in;
But rest assured I'm ever thine,
Till death, my charming Valentine.

From an Oilman.

O Cupid, with thy keen edge dart,
You've in a pickle made my heart,
Like pepper strong, my love for thee;
O pray be not verjuice to me,
Sweet maid unto my love incline,
And be to me a Valentine.

VALENTINE WRITER

To a Baker.

Baker, baker, what a sloven,
 Out of doors or at the oven,
 With darned hose about the legs,
 Like dusters hung on wooden pegs.
 A mumping, pie-polluting sinner,
 Who dips in dishes for a dinner,
 A meat-shaver. who politely takes
 From beef, or veal, or spicy cakes,
 Oh, never, never, would I be
 The wife of such a knave as thee ;
 And never, never, would I match
 With one who'd spoil of love the batch.

To a Tallow-Chandler.

Your love as bright as candle light
 I clearly can discover ;
 But yet, I fear, it will appear,
 To burn fast, and soon be over,
 Love without gold, they say, grows cold
 And you are low in pocket ;
 So love, like grease, will soon decrease,
 And die within the socket.

From a Carpenter.

I saw, its true, and I saw you,
 And quickly felt love's pain ;
 With tender smart, fill up my heart,
 As shavings fill my plane.
 Ah, then, let's join, my Valentine,
 In fond affection true ;
 As I unite, compact and tight,
 My deal-boards with the glue.

From a Woollen-Draper.

Lo ! woollen articles I sell
 And make them answer very well ;
 Then to your draper pray incline,
 And be his loving Valentine.

VALENTINE WRITER.

From a Goldsmith.

What are the treasures of Peru,
Or Ophir's gold without I've you
What are the treasures of the East !
Without on you my eyes I feast ?
What are the trinkets, but mere toys,
Without you come to share my joys ?
To grace my shop and to incline
To take me for a Valentine.

To a Soldier.

I ever loved a soldier bold,
And you with pleasure did behold ;
For in my eyes you handsome seem,
So take my hand, if it a prize you deem.

To an Artist.

Your ingenuity and skill,
Did cause me to admire
Your art so fine, till by degrees
I felt love's scorching fire.
Oh, paint unto yourself, dear youth,
My feelings wondrous fine,
And let it draw from you, I pray,
A kind approving line.
No colouring false to thee I use,
My heart is truly thine ;
Pay some attention to my muse,
My clever Valentine.

From a Fishmonger.

The fish, while playing in the brook,
Are often taken by the hook ;
But the fish are taken without thought,
While I'm by love and reason caught,
With beauty, you first laid the net,
Then virtue did a conquest get ;
And now my heart is truly thine,
For ever fixed, dear Valentine.

11
VALENTINE WRITER.

To a Gentleman.

Has absence, Henry, made you false
Unto the vows you swore,
Or are you still the self-same youth
Whom Emma did adore?
Oh, answer this, my fears dispel,
I hope your heart is mine,
And that you'll ne'er inconstant prove
Unto your Valentine.

To a Lady.

Oh, could I here thee once declare,
That fond affection lives for me;
Oh, could I once delighted share
The sweet return of love from thee.
I, who no other object know
That can my heart from thee estrange,
Confess a love which joy or woe,
Or life or death could never change.

To a Lady.

Fairest of the fair, excelling
All that can soft love inspire;
In my heart aught else expelling,
Rule and reign in chaste desire.
And as love by love requited,
By the interchange is blest;
So by thee and love delighted,
Still in love possess my breast.

To a Gentleman.

Dear Valentine, be kind and true,
As your true love will be to you;
Who night and day for your dear sake,
No joy nor comfort e'er can take,
In tender accents prithee tell,
You love me, each care dispel:
So may kind heav'n propitious shine,
On my dear love and Valentine.

VALENTINE WRITER.

General Valentine.

Cupid now suspends all labour,
Bids us frolic, sport, and play ;
Bring the fife, and bring the tabor,
To welcome in this happy day.
Hand in hand we'll join the throng,
And to love and mirth incline :
Do not, pray, my wish refuse,
Dearly beloved Valentine.

To a Lady.

Ah, can you think that heart untrue,
That glows with ardent love for you .
Or think my vows are insincere,
And that I faithless shall appear ?
Ah, no ; by all that's good and fair,
Your love shall be my chiefest care,
And heav'n and earth shall witness be,
That mortal never lov'd like me.

To a Lady.

How oft, my fair one, hast thou said,
Nor cans't thou the dear truth disown,
Thou wouldst not change thy constant love
To be the partner of a throne ?

To a Gentleman.

If against prudence I offend,
Let lovely Venus stand my friend,
And plead for me, and send her Son,
He is to blame for what I've done :
'Twas he who prompted my design,
To write to you, my Valentine,
And I on him must lay the blame,
'Twas he alone who raised the flame
That now does in my bosom burn,
To which I ask a kind return.
Make not the subject, sir, your jest,
But set my aching heart at rest.

VALENTINE WRITER.

To a Gentleman.

Come, Cupid tell my fluttering heart
 How I can gain the youth I love,—
 Wilt thou to him my thoughts impart,
 And bid him ever constant prove?
 Lady, though they say I'm blind,
 And blind I may to many seem;
 If truth and virtue guide the mind,
 Love will meet love, and prove no dream.

To a Lady.

No nymph that trips the verdant plain,
 Can with my love compare,
 She gains the heart of every swain,
 And rivals all the fair;
 The beams of sol delight and cheer,
 While summer seasons roll,
 But Sally's smiles can, all the year,
 Give summer to the soul.

To a Lady.

My dear mistress has a heart
 Soft as those kind looks she gave;
 When with love's resistless heart,
 And her eyes, she did me enslave;
 But her constancy's so weak—
 She is so wild and apt to wander—
 That my tender heart would break,
 Should we live one day asunder.

To a Lady.

The smiling morn, the op'ning spring,
 Invite the cheerful birds to sing;
 And while they warble on each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay.
 Let us, my dearest, timely wise,
 Like them, improve the hour that flies,
 And in love rapturous bliss combine
 Upon the day of Valentine.

VALENTINE WRITER.

To a Sailor.

Give me a sailor—he's so kind,
Give me a sailor—he's so free ;
Such is the lover to my mind—
A tar shall be the lad for me.
What tho' exposed to hurricanes,
And perilous his life must be,
Yet he's the bravest of all swains,
A tar then is the lad for me.

From a Sailor.

Hoist every sail to the breeze !
The speed of my vessel improve,
I have done with the toils of the seas,
Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love.

From a Shepherd.

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valley, grove, or hill, or field,
Or wood, or steepy mountain yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

From a Soldier.

Behold a son of gallant Mars,
Afraid of neither death or scars,
Who oft has dared the bloody field,
Yet now to love and you must yield ;
I'll bravely fight, my dear, for you,
And all my plunder is your due ;
Then tell me if you will forsake
Your friends and country for my sake ?

VALENTINE WRITER.

To a Lady.

Sweet are the charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the damask rose ;
 Soft as the down of turtle dove,
 Gentle as air, when zephyr blows,
 Refreshing as descending rains,
 To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

To a Lady.

My dearest, when your form I first survey'd
 Each roving thought to you their homage paid ;
 I felt a passion in my bosom move,
 My heart throbb'd fast, and whisper'd it was love.
 A mingled tumult ran through all my frame,
 The secret spark burst out into a flame ;
 Your hand alone the yielding balm can pour,
 Which scarce with falt'ring lips I dare implore.
 Knew you how fond I doat upon your name,
 My constant thought by day, my nightly dream ;
 Knew you how fixed my passion, and how true,
 You'd live for him who hourly dies for you.

To a Lady.

What mortal can see you and scape from the dart,
 Well pointed and aimed from the eyes to the heart ;
 Since mine is so wounded no other can cure,
 Oh, say, will you leave me my pains to endure ?
 Or will you in pity consent to be mine,
 Who is wretched for ever, unless your Valentine.

To a Lady.

In hopes, dearest charmer, you wont think me rude,
 This day a few lines I presume to intrude ;
 But being no scholar how can I impart
 The ardent affection that dwells in my heart ?
 And have from the hour I first saw your bright eyes,
 Yet never declared it before but in sighs !
 So now with my wishes I prithee combine,
 And take him for life who is your Valentine.

VALENTINE WRITER.

To a Lady.

Let dauntless courage in the bosom glow,
Which pants for glory from the vanquished foe.
Let wisdom's dictates, with persuasion, guide
The tongue which seeks in council to preside;
But love, that bliss which crowns our life below,
From mutual constancy alone can flow.

To a Lady.

Beneath thy cheek, oh, lovely maid,
Some rose by stealth its leaf convey'd;
To shed its bright and beauteous dye,
And still the varying bloom supply.
The tresses of thy silken hair,
As curling mists, are soft and fair,
Bright waving o'er thy graceful neck,
Its pure and tender snow to deck,
Sweet is the melting magic hung
In liquid notes upon thy tongue,
Whose tones might death itself controul,
And call again the expiring soul.

To a Gentleman.

Whither, ah, wither would my lover flee?
From all he's dearest to, from love and me;
Are not my charms the same, the same their pow'r,
Have I lost mine, or has another more?
Oh, let me not so poorly be forsook,
But view me, view me with your usual look.

To a Lady.

Oh, love, and is thy breast so cold,
Thou canst no look of gladness wear,
Nor feel one transport to behold
The youth who once was fondly dear?
And has my Mary's heart forgot
The joys that we together knew,
When Infant bliss endear'd the spot
Where all our little friendships grew?

VALENTINE WRITER.

To a Lady.

Let thy tongue, soft love-expressing,
In my ears fond thoughts repeat ;
Let thy heart, its truth confessing,
With the purest passion beat.
Thee alone my heart desiring,
Only hopes thou wilt approve ;
Only this from thee requiring—
Love returning equal love.

To a Lady.

Oh, who can tell the heart's emotion ?
Who can well the power reveal ?
The painful, pleasing, soft commotion,
The hopes, the fears that lovers feel ?
How vainly I, whose bosom fraught
With love, unchanging love to thee,
Can show its truth, or raise a thought
That's equal to its power in me.

To a Gentleman.

Dear youth, I do accept your heart,
And value much the prize ;
For tho' you ne'er did tell your love,
I read it in your eyes.
I know, and much approve, your worth,
And to your suit incline ;
Then let us meet with love and truth,
To hail sweet Valentine.

To a Gentleman.

As oft, dear youth, thy pleasing form appears,
I stretch my arms, and wake dissolv'd in tears ;
Yet waking—fancy all that bliss supplies,
And still I view thee with a lover's eyes.
Entranc'd in thought o'er all thy charms I gaze,
See thy bright eyes diffuse their softest rays,
Hang on thy hand, or on thy breast recline,
And share thy bliss, my Valentine.

VALENTINE WRITER.

To an Old Maid.

Since love to men you never would give,
But treated them quite cold,
Despised you'll be, long as you live,
By young as well as old.
You're only fit to sit and chat
To some vile monkey, or tom-cat.
These shall your sole companions prove,
And when you chance to die,
As the sole partners of your love,
They in your grave shall lie :
Your corpse shall be by monkeys borne,
While cats in hideous concert mourn.

To a Dressy Lady.

When loaded with ribbons, feathers, and gauze,
You look like a milliner's pack,
That's trimmed out for sale at a west country fair,
Or a block with a lump on its back.
Carmine and rouge have a most rapid sale,
On your face they like red-lead do shine :
Where I to wed you, I soon ruined should be,
So farewell, my smart Valentine.

To a Lady with a large Head.

You look as though you thought it true,
That you were young and fair as spring,
Nor can I wonder if you do—
You've face enough for any thing.

From a Barber.

I shave for a penny, for twopence cut hair,
I live very well and have money to spare ;
I once sung so blithely, and gossip'd as gay,
That with sweet delight my time passed away,
Since Cupid has lathered my heart with his brush,
And I fear lest thy frowns my hopes should crush :
But if you smile sweetly, and say you are mine,
We'll be merry together, my dear Valentine.

VALENTINE WRITER.

To a Butcher.

Pert and greasy, rude and sly,
 Stands the butcher, buy-you-buy,
 Ah ! buy indeed, to buy and rue,
 Would be to buy a calf like you ;
 No, no, Sir ; e'er you look on betters,
 Mend your manners, learn your letters,
 And, if of love your tongue must prattle,
 Bleat your lays among the cattle.

From a Shoemaker.

A piece of charming kid you are,
 As e'er mine eyes did see,
 No calf-skin smooth, that e'er I saw,
 Can be compar'd to thee.
 Your tiny foot, your instep neat,
 My heart has captive made ;
 My soul with love like wax doth melt,
 For thee, my pretty maid.
 You are my all ; do not refuse
 To let us tack together ;
 But let us join, my Valentine,
 Like sole and upper-leather,

From a Coal Merchant.

I deal in coals—'cording to dreams,
 A lucky article that seems ;
 If by this letter I succeed,
 I then shall think it luck indeed.

From a Currier.

If Miss, you fain wou'd understand
 The merit I possess,
 Then know the leather which is tann'd
 I beautify and dress.
 The same I colour for the view
 And dress it all and oft ;
 And, as yourself, I make it too
 Quite gentle and quite soft.

VALENTINE WRITER.

From a Linen Draper.

The finest cambric you excel,
As every one can fairly tell ;
The finest lawn cannot vie
With your bosom, and may I
Be your chosen, you are mine,
My dear and lovely Valentine.
A bale of goods, so tight and clever,
And I remain your slave for ever.

To a Doctor.

I feel in my heart a most painful smart,
Which I can no longer endure ;
Then pray try your skill,—you can, if you will,
Prescribe for the writer a cure.
There's many have strove this pain to remove ;
Like quacks they have all made me worse ;
Oh ! such my complaint, I sigh and am faint ;
The disorder you know, then, of course.

To a Confectioner.

I'm certain your taste must be sweet,
And therefore, alas ! much I fear
These verses, so feeble, may meet
The scorn of my Valentine dear.
As critic, however, be kind,
As lover, my hand I pray take ;
In me you'll no simpleton find,
For, trust me, I am not a cake.

From a Dentist.

The tooth ach's bad, but worse the smart
That does consume my wounded heart ;
The first I cure with wondrous skill ;
But not the last, do what I will—
Ah no, I must leave that to you,
You'll find a lover to you true ;
So pray unto my suit incline,
And choose me for a Valentine.

VALENTINE WRITER.

To a black, or person of colour.

My dingy dear, when you appear,
 My heart goes pit-a-pat ;
 So black your face, your lips to grace,
 And nose so very flat.
 Your woolly hair, I do declare,
 Appears to me divine ;
 Then stay no more sweet Blackamoor,
 But be my Valentine.

To a fashionable miss.

Your dress, miss is formed to reveal
 What 'twould be better to conceal ;
 To see you, one would sure believe,
 You strove to copy mother Eve.
 Some other scheme, I pray, pursue,
 Or I'm no Valentine for you.

To a Lady.

Ugliest of the fair creation,
 Dingy maid of saffron hue,
 Face devoid of animation,
 Lips that are not red—but blue.
 Your form, devoid of shape and grace,
 Has charms for this poor heart of mine ;
 For if I wed, I shall be sure
 To have no rival, Valentine.

From an old bachelor to an old maid.

Pray, Mrs. Snuff, do not take huff
 At what by some is said ;
 Each girl and flirt, so fine and pert,
 Declare you an Old Maid.
 Old Bachelor, the saucy crew,
 At forty-eight, will call me too ;
 At that I shan't repine,
 If you, good toothless, will agree
 In love to join along with me,
 And be my Valentine.

VALENTINE WRITER.

From a Valet.

When I was last, my dear, in service,
My master was in love sore smitten ;
He wrote a letter very nervous,
And I was sent with what was written.
To act like him I can't do better,
And so I pen this mournful ditty ;
In hopes when you have read my letter,
You'll look upon your slave with pity.

From a Confectioner.

Come to me and have a treat,
That's delicious—very sweet ;
Frequently oh let us meet ;
And my bliss will be complete ;
For you are so very neat,
That my love for thee is great,
Every day my love shall eat
Custards, jellies and mince meat.

From a Locksmith.

No locks nor bars can shut out love,
The urchin will your power defy,
Alas ! the little thief does prove
His triumph now upon poor I ;
He's made a key from your bright eyes,
And found a road into my heart ;
Behold, sweet maid, your lover dies,
If you will not a smile impart,
O let me lock my fate with thine,
In Hymen's chains my Valentine.

From a Coppersmith.

If you will be my Valentine,
A Copper Kettle shall be thine.
They say—nor can it be denied
That to a brazier I'm allied—
But be my kindred what it will,
An honest man you'll find me still.

VALENTINE WRITER.

To a Gentleman.

Could I my sentiments describe to view,
I'm happy when I feast my eyes on you ;
Fain would I hide my passion from the throng,
But still 'tis foremost on my faltering tongue.
My actions show the fondness of my heart,
And what I'd hide but more augments the smart.
Deep in my soul your image is impress'd
The constant inmate of my love fraught breast.

To a Gentleman.

Oh, can I forget that dear hour ! No, never,
When you fervently vow'd to love me for ever ;
That to me your affections should ever be true,
And each Valentine's day our vows would renew ;
Now once more returns St. Valentine's day,
And my heart sinks with sorrow as time rolls away,
Be true to your vows, as I'll be to mine,
And for ever I'll doat on my dear Valentine.

To a Lady.

Dear maid, believe my heart sincere,
'Tis fondly, truly thine ;
So chase away each anxious fear,
I am your Valentine.
Alarming doubts and cares give o'er,
And let calm peace be thine ;
No other fair will I adore,
But you, dear Valentine.

To a Lady.

How shall my faithful heart, my fair,
Declare the bliss it feels,
The balm to soften every care
Which mutual love reveals ?
When prudence joins the faithful tie,
In vain will sorrow prove ;
And every spark of grief will fly
Before the breath of love.

VALENTINE WRITER.

From a Dyer.

I'm a dyer by trade,
My dear little maid,
And I'm ready to die for you ;
For to my sight,
There's none so bright
As you, my charming Sue.
For thee I'll dye,
Money to supply,
To keep both thee and thine ;
And then so gay,
We'll bless the day
Of merry Valentine.

From a Miller.

A miller I am, my sweet lass,
And none can your servant surpass ;
All who choose to send corn will find,
The same shall be ground to their mind.
Oh then be my Valentine dear
And accept of a miller's good cheer

From a Cheesemonger.

My shop is supplied with the best,
My trade is never slack ;
But yet I can't get rest,
My brains like eggs do crack !
With love my heart is shaken,
I know not what to do ;—
'Tis you must save my bacon,
Or ruin will ensue.—

From a Trunk Maker.

From work I now must cease,
Untill my fair I win—
But when my heart's at peace,
To hammer I'll begin,
Say will you then be mine,
Beloved Valentine.

25

VALENTINE WRITER.

To a Lady.

I've known you long, and every year,
You to my heart seems still more dear ;
Your virtues so superior shine,
That all to love you must incline.
But none can love so much as me,
With such long-tried fidelity,
Then with my wishes pray comply,
And let us knot the nuptial tie.

To a Gentleman.

Devoid of art, quite free from guile,
Oh, let my lips, with modest smile,
To Edwin speak. Ah, do not fear
The vows I breathe, they are sincere.
Let fears and doubts no more perplex,
I love you best of all your sex ;
Bring Love, with Hymen by his side,
I'm ready to become your bride.

To a Lady.

When the coo of the dove is heard in the grove,
And zephyr fans gently the trees ;
When philomel warbles his soft song of love,
Which is borne far away on the breeze ;
Oh, come with me then to the bower—
On roses your head shall recline,
If you will but accept, dearest maid,
A fond youth for your Valentine.

To a Lady.

As the sweet music of the vernal grove
Succeeds the horrors of the wintry storm ;
As the fond turtle views his faithful dove
Succeed the ravenous vulture's fearful form ;
So shall the hour that brings me to the arms
Of thee, sweet maid, atone for years of pain.
Ah, while that kindling hope my bosom warms,
The flood of life swells rapturous every vein.

VALENTINE WRITER.

To a Gentleman.

Suffer a nymph whose heart is truly thine,
To choose you for her own dear Valentine ;
Your wit and smart address have won her heart ;
With life alone her passion will depart ;
All that she seeks is to become your wife.
And be to you a faithful spouse through life.
Should you refuse her, great will be her woes :
And much she begs you will not expose
To a censorious world the step she's taken,
Lest she should be by all her friends forsaken.
Act just to her who loves no one but you,
And she will be your Valentine most true.

To a Lady.

I ask not wealth—the rich we see
Oft wretched midst their pelf ·
Thy merit is enough for me—
A treasure in itself !
Oh ! had I bags of glittering gold,
The whole I would resign,
As mine, my charmer to behold,
And be her Valentine.

To a Gentleman.

I love thee, dear youth, and I cannot do less,
As I love thee thus dearly, that love to confess ;
No, nor will I a faithful affection disown,
That claims but thy dear approbation alone.
I love ! yes, I love most sincerely, 'tis true,
And all that affection is centred in you !
Ah ! say then, beloved one, you'll love me again,
And I'll strive to love more, if I strive but in vain.

THE END.

M

A LIST OF
INTERESTING AND AMUSING TALES
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

W. LEONARD & CO. LTD.
LONDON

- | | |
|---|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Jack the Giant Killer Robin Hood King Lear Macbeth Hamlet Richard III Henry VIII Henry V Henry IV Henry VI Henry VII Henry VIII Henry IX Henry X Henry XI Henry XII Henry XIII Henry XIV Henry XV Henry XVI Henry XVII Henry XVIII Henry XIX Henry XX Henry XXI Henry XXII Henry XXIII Henry XXIV Henry XXV Henry XXVI Henry XXVII Henry XXVIII Henry XXIX Henry XXX | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> A. B. C. Simple Simon Robin Hood John and the Oak Tree Robin Hood Jack the Giant Killer |
|---|--|

JUST PUBLISHED A LARGE COLLECTION OF

SONG BOOKS

CONTAINING ALL THE

Best and Newest Songs for the Year 1940
With Coloured Illustrations, Price 2s

ALSO MAY BE HAD

A. T. A. S. S.

INTERESTING

TALES FOR CHILDREN

At One Penny Each

NEW

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF



At 1s. 6d. each

WITH AN ILLUSTRATED BOOK

AT ONE PENNY EACH

**A LIST OF
INTERESTING AND AMUSING TALES**

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

A. PARK,

47, LEONARD STREET, FINSBURY

Beautifully Coloured Price 6d.

A. B. C.
Simple Simon.
Mother Hubbard.
John and the Oak Tree.
Mother Goose.
Jack Horner.

Nursery Rhymes.
Infant Tales.
Mamma's Tales.
Punch.
Cock Robin.
Tom Thumb.

JUST PUBLISHED A CHOICE SELECTION OF

SONG BOOKS

CONTAINING ALL THE

New and Popular Songs for the Year 1840.

With Coloured Engravings, Price 6d.

ALSO MAY BE HAD

A. PARK'S

INSTRUCTING

TALES FOR CHILDREN,

At One Penny and Half-penny Each,

LIKEWISE

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

VALENTINES

At 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d. each,

WITH AN IMMENSE STOCK

AT ONE PENNY EACH.